A Short and Serious

NARRATIVE

OF

LONDONS

Fatal Fire,

WITH ITS

Diurnal and Nocturnal Progression,

From Sunday Morning (being)

the Second of SEPTEMBER,

Anno Mirabili 1666.

Until Wednesday Night following,

A POEM.

AS ALSO

Londons Lamentation to her

Regardless Passengers.

With Allowance.

LONDON: Printed for *Peter Dring*, at the Sign of the *Beaver* in the *Strand*, between *Temple-bridge* and *Dunham-Court*, who formerly lived at the Sign of the *Bull* in the *Poultrey* in *London*. 1667.

Saturday Night.

WHen the Black Chamberlain of gloomy Night,
(Dull *Morpheus*) to ſlumbering did invite
The drowſie Mortals of the Worlds wide Inn,
And bound each Soul up in a leaden Chain;
When Silence did her ſable Curtains cloſe,
To ſhut each Eye up in a ſweet repoſe,
And every Bird under her tender wing
Had gave its harmleſs head a Covering,
And that the harneſt Beaſts that toyl all day,
(From thraldom freed) all down in quiet lay;
When all was whiſt, and ſtill, and calm, and free,
And CINTHEA bright ſmil'd with ſerenitie,
Forth the dark Caverns of the diſmal Earth,
A boiſterous bellowing Wind rous'd and ſprung forth,
And to diſturb this quiet Silence came,
And with its ſhuffling feet ſpurn'd up a flame
From ſome few glowing Sparks, and made them be
Apt Actors for a purpos'd Tragedy.
The waken'd Flames augmented more and more,
Which churliſh *BOREAS* ſuffers till they roar,
And with imperious Breath Commiſſion gave,
That every new-born Spark ſhould be his ſlave,
And lent them power to enact his Will,
And his tyrannick Precepts to fulfill;
And 'cauſe their Execution ſwift might be,
He gave them Wings to add Celerity,
Made every glimmering ſpark a curling Flame,
Whoſe powerful Force no power could quell, or tame.
And now the doleful, dreadful, hideous Note
Of *FIRE*, is ſcreen'd out with a deep-ſtrain'd throat;
Horror,

Horror, and fear, and ſad diſtracted Cryes,
Chide Sloth away, and bids the Sluggard riſe;
Moſt direful Exclamations are let fly
From every Tongue, Tears ſtand in every Eye.

Sunday Morning.

DOubtful Conſtructions of far greater Harms,
Diſ-peopl'd Churches, made men take up Arms,
And in confuſion all together go,
In oppoſition of an unknown Foe.
Now from the Temple every one doth fly,
And run from Prayer (Heavens Artillery,)
For to encounter a ſuſpected Foe
When that (alas) 'twas Heav'n had bent his Bow,
And Brow againſt us. O 'twas GOD alone
(That we ran from) to whom we ſhould have flown.
PHOEBUS foreſaw our Woes, and them bewail'd,
And ſigh'd ſo long till he our Springs exhail'd.
Griev'd Heaven, ſad Earth to ſee our angry GOD
Threat'ning poor *LONDON* with his flaming Rod,
Expreſs'd a weighty ſorrow, whilſt that we
Imbrac'd our Sins, ſlighted our Miſery.
Flames laſh the Rich man from his wealthy Store,
And bid the ruin'd Young man work for more.
---That Angry Majeſty who in the Year
'(665.) by Death did clear
So many Thouſands by the PESTILENCE,
And from their HABITATIONS ſent them hence,
In (66.) a Woe as great did make,
And did the HOUSES from the DWELLERS take.
The furious Fire rides on with full Career,
And no Repulſe will its Force feel or fear,
Flings down ſtrong Structures both of Stone and Wood,
And proudly ſcorns to have its Power withſtood.
Th'undanted Courage of the crack'ling Flames
Slighting the weaker Current of the THAMES,

And whilſt inſulting at her Banks it ſtands,
In execution of the Winds Commands,
The Dreadful Shoar, the pleaſant Streams doth make
To each Beholder, like a Flaming Lake.
Th' amazed Tydes do ſwiftly glide away,
And the ſad News to *NEPTUNE'S* Court convey;
Of which, when once the Aged SIRE hears,
He ſends them back repleniſh'd with his tears.
Her Neighboring Floods (alas) now uſeleſs are,
She onely ſerves on her tame Back to bear
Such Goods that frighted with the horrid ſhape
Of the moſt Dreadful Fire, did thither ſcape.

Sunday Night.

NOw *TITAN* weary of this grievous Sight,
Reſign'd to *CINTHEA* the Charge o'th' Night,
Took wings and flutter'd (frighted) to the WEST,
And charg'd that heavy Mortals ſhould not reſt.
At every drooping Brow, pale Fear doth ſtand
To keep out Slumber, Sleep to counter-mand:
In every Ear continual Dangers rattle,
Their Souls from ſelf-ſecurity to ſtartle;
A penſive Grief doth every heart array,
And Sighs call back the new departed day,
Spending the lingering hours of that Night
In reſtleſs groans. Viewing the dreadful Light
Belch forth new Blazes ſtill, which *ÆTNA* like,
In every Soul doth deep amazement ſtrike,
While ſome ſtand ſhivering in the ſtreet to ſee,
(But not prevent) approaching Miſery:
Others at diſtanee from the fearful Fire,
Of every haſty Paſſenger enquire
Of its ſad fatal Progreſs: Others lye
Securely ſnorting in ſtupidity,
While ſome more careful to preſerve their Wares,
Employ their indefatigable Cares,

And

And load the crackling Carriage with their ſtore,
While others more neceſſitous and poor,
Not able for to bribe the churliſh Slave
With ſuch large Præmiums as now he'd have,
Burthen their own weak Backs, and ſadly tire
Their faint and founder'd Limbs, to ſave the hire
Of an expenſive Carr; which was a Rate
That did exceed (alas) ſome mens Eſtate!
This makes the thrifty Husband ſweat to lugg
His Bed, and Boulſter, Coverlet, and Rugg:
Now all turn Porters, poor, and wealthy men,
Slow Age, ſtrong Youth, and little Childeren,
Each one the talent of his Strength imployes,
On every Back a ponderous Burthen lyes.
The AGED MAN, whoſe feeble Limbs to bear
His weaker Body ſcarcely able were,
(Without the help of his aſſiſting Crutch,)
Neceſſity did lend him power ſuch,
With eaſe to bear that which before he ſtrove
With greateſt pains to lift, and could not move.
Now many wanting both a Purſe and Pow'r
To their Aſſiſtance, let the Flames devour
That, of which through their induſtry and care,
Themſelves (not long ſince) happy Maſters were.
Thoſe that were Rich, and potent in Eſtate,
Within one Night this Fire did ruinate;
And other ſome by avaritious ſtealth,
In this Calamity, have gain'd them wealth.
Thus was the firſt ſad Night ſpun out in woe,
Carts all night long went rumbling to and fro,
And every throbbing heart with grief and care,
In expectation of the Morning were.

Munday Morning.

NOw the *Bright Traveller* that never ceaſt,
But in a ſweat came climbing up the Eaſt,

Lear'd

Lear'd through the Curtains of the drowsie Morn,
Fearing another PHOEBUS had been born;
Or else that JOVE some way displeas'd had sent
A new made Light to rule this Continent,
Blush'd red with fear, and at the first did seem
To curb the Reins of his curvetting Team,
But finding out what 'twas, he made no stay,
But shook his head, lash'd on, and rid away.
The spreading Flames now conquer all they meet,
And walk in Triumph through the frighted streets,
And finding in their fury such success,
Outragious grew, and become merciless,
CHURCHES & CHAPPELS, and brave HALLS pull down
And throw their towering Turrets to the ground,
And that which had withstood the hand of AGE,
Was spoil'd and ruin'd by its rave'nous rage:
Brave Edifices, and of comely state,
This cruel Fire doth delapidate,
Clambers the lofty Churche's stately walls,
And leaves them not till all to ruine falls.
And our distress in this the greater was,
In that just Heaven had made our hands (alas)
The active Instruments for to tear down
Our own beloved Mansions to the ground,
This we pursu'd with eager forwardness,
And still our best endeavours lack'd success,
Our care, our toyle, our labour never ceas'd,
(Nor did the fire) but furiously increas'd,
Until by 'ts piercing heat and powerful flashes,
What ere it touch'd, mouldred away to Ashes.
For now the fierce unbridl'd Flames presage
That we shall know the extent of their rage,
Begets a universal Conflagration,
Greater than ever any Generation
As yet ere knew, or heard of: Now it beats
A broad path way into the spacious streets,

Roves

Roves up to CORNHIL where with force they range,
Until they overthrow the ROYAL-CHANGE,
That ſtately Fabrick, and its STATUES rare,
Spoil'd and conſum'd reduc'd to Aſhes are,
But honouring Reverend GRESHAM'S Effigy,
Leaves him untoucht, and gently paſſeth by.

Munday Night.

NOw did the Worlds bright Lamp (the SUN) expire,
And every STAR did to its Orb retire,
Whilſt from the Fires foul ſtomack doth ariſe
Dark ſmoaky Vapours to the troubled Skies,
And ſometimes from its yawning throat are ſent
Bright Blazes to affright the Element:
Its ravenous Jaws feed on, and chop down ſtore
Of ſlaughter'd Buildings, and roar out for more,
When as its greedy teeth had gnawn off all
About a Carcaſs, down it lets it fall;
And thus with baſe unſatiate appetite
In riotous ſpoils feaſts on all day and night.
And now comes prancing to the POULTERY,
Commanding there a Goal-delivery,
That every pining Priſoner forthwith might,
His wiſh'd for Liberty enjoy that Night,
And ſo the ſtrong built Walls its force did enter,
(Which to oppoſe 'tis bootleſs to adventure)
Thus in voracious manner crowding on,
With Blazes that anticipate the SUN.

Tueſday Morning.

THough *Melancholy Night* had now flung by
Her ſpangl'd Mantle; yet the heavy Eye
Of every watchful Mortal doth retain
A cloudy Sorrow, ſwol'n big with rain;
Tempeſtuous Sighs ariſe from every breaſt,
And GRIEF'S ſharp Iron-whip admits no reſt.

And now the cruel Flames that did despise
All other streams, slight those fall from our Eyes.
O now the blazing and prodigious Fire,
Without remorse or pity, doth conspire
To lay our CITY desolate and waste,
And in regardless manner onwards past
Through stately CHEAP, on both sides of the way,
And in such haste, as though it could not stay.
The shouting Wind pursues the Victory,
The Fire's displaying Flames his Ensigns be
Whilst blub-cheek'd BOREAS doth his Trumpet sound,
The affrighted Walls do totter and sink down,
To EOLUS rude conduct there are lent,
Of bright fac'd Souldiers a whole Regiment,
Whose flexive head his blustering voyce obey,
And in their march out-shine the Mid-Noon day;
And thus they bend their fierce course to'ards the West,
With flaming Feather in each glittering Crest.
The dreadful Blaze appearing unto some,
T'assimulate th' approaching DAY OF DOOME,
When all the World consum'd with Fire shall be,
And TIME give place unto ETERNITY:
Th'innumerous Sparks (that fall like feathered Snow)
Like Heaven rejected STARS do seem to shew,
And the huge crowding Mountains of thick Smoke
Like Heavens expanded Clouds appear to look.
And now it Roars, Cracks, Rends, Murmurs, and Raves,
Burying in ruines Sepulchers and Graves,
And with a perverse envious mind is bent
Not to leave standing one fair Monument,
And to the lofty Bells of CORNHIL, BOW,
That rung in pleasant Peals to us below,
And chanted Chiming Musick to each ear,
These Flames their strong ATLEAN Armes did Reer,
And soon as they on them their hot Palms lay,
Sink down with heat, and (like Lead) melt away.

At length a horrid, general Blaze appears,
With eager course onwards to'ards *PAULS* it steers.
And there it rally'd all its Force and Pow'r,
And with extended Jaws gap'd to devour
At once that stately TEMPLE, which did stand
So firmly propt by FAITHS supporting Hand;
To whose Tuition many Tradesmen chose
To trust unvalu'd Wares, and did 'em lose;
Their fond Belief accounted it to be
Beneath the reach of Fires malignity,
When they before had seen its Force to rave
From highest Loft, down to the lowest Cave.
Now to this brave CATHEDRAL coming near,
Her Vail it rends, doth her Immurements tear,
Staggers, and sinks within its hot Embraces:
And this thus vanquish'd, on in terror traces
To *LUD'S* strong Gate, and making there no stay,
Beat down the Prison Walls and went away,
Commanding in his march, that every where
At its approach, all PRISONERS be set clear.
Thus in a Body terrible and wide
Half a Miles breadth and more, from Waters side,
It bussel'd up to *FLEET-STREET*; coming there,
Each one now helpless grown, quite hopeless are:
For that the Fire ere WEDNESDAY Sun did shine,
Of CHURCHES brave had ruin'd Eighty Nine.
The Fire affrighted SUBURBS now expects
Their look'd for Desolation, to be next
Mantled in Flames; for which they now prepare,
And of their Houses grown regardless are:
Now FEAR and DANGER do with trembling arms
Conduct distracted People from the Harms
The forked Flames do threat: By Barge and Boat,
And some by Horse and Wain do lodge remote
Their Goods for safety, while that some bereft
Of House by Fires cruelty, are left
In Desolation and Adversity,
And in the Fields are forc'd all night to lye,

And there contentedly take for a Bed
The Earth; Heaven for a Coverlett.

Tuesday Night.

NOw with the Sun the rambling Flames would rest,
And coming to St. *DUNSTANS IN THE WEST*,
Their twinkling eyes grown dimb with too much light,
Could scarcely see to bid the Day, Good Night.
TITAN departed from our Hemisphere,
The greater Flames all slept, save here and there
Some Guardian Blazes lurk to call the rest,
'Gainst such as should their slumbering infest.

Wednesday Morning.

THe Morning wakes, and with the Morn the Fire,
Whose whispering voice seems softly to enquire
For its lost Friend the Wind, who stole away
By Night i'th' dark, not to be found next day.
The hungry Paunch of this voracious Flame
(Saving a morsel for its Breakfast) came
With reunited Vigour to assail
The sweating TEMPLE, and for to unvail
The Leaden Tecture that o'respread her Head,
Its fierce Assault rais'd Cryes might wake the Dead.
People grown desperate, and madly bold,
Resolve Resistance, though the uncontroul'd
Audacious threatning Flames forbid th' intent
Of such as would its o're-grown Force prevent.
Engines prevail not, Buckets do no good,
Its thirsty Mouth can guzzle up a Flood,
And still its parched panting Tongue our cryes
With greedy haste, for larger quick Supplyes.
Now here admire the goodness of our KING,
Whose tender Heart bore SUBJECTS suffering!
The active Prudence, and industrious Cares,
Th' unceasant Labors, and the fervent Pray'rs
Of those two Royal Brothers *CHARLS* and *JAMES*,
At last effected Conquest 'bove the Flames!

The

The worthy Tears that trickle from the Eye
Of his afflicted Sacred MAJESTY
Prevail'd with Heaven; whose fierce avenging Arm
MERCY with-holds; Strong Invocations charm
His ireful Indignation, Intreaties urge
Appeased Heaven to fling by his Scourge.
The FIRE findes opposition, is content
To be depreſt, and so no farther went.

Wednesday Night.

WHile in the Field harborleſs People lye,
Watching their Goods by Night, a sudden Cry
Of ARMS, salutes the Ear of every one:
Which way to go, or whither for to run
They know not; now each one doth apprehend
A certain Death; the sudden Fear doth lend
To some *MERCURIAN* Feet, and to some
A Resolution for to dye at home.
But all appeas'd, each one to rest betakes him,

Thursday Morning.

AND now can lye until *AURORA* wakes him,
Who with a smiling Aspect joys to see
So much Abatement of our Misery.
And *SOL* advancing of his curled Head,
From th' ruddy Pillow of *AURORA'S* Bed,
Vow'd he nere did (since the ALMIGHTY said,
Let there be LIGHT, and so himself was made;
Nor since his first Days Journey to the WEST,
Or Great *JEHOVAH* took his SEVENTH Days rest)
Behold so soon so great a Devastation
In any AGE, or COUNTREY, TOWN, or NATION;
As in THREE FATAL DAYES to ruinate,
To spoil, consume, destroy, depopulate!
A Place so Famous, so Renown'd for Glory,
That 'twas the Mirror both of AGE and STORY!

Lon-

Londons Lamentation to her regardless Passengers.

WHy do you slight me thus, and pass me by,
Spurn my neglected, dusty Misery?
You that have laid me in the fatal Urn
Of SIN, *and seen me there to ashes burn:*
You that with crimson Crimes, like Cables great,
Pull'd Vengeance on me, and my happy state
Have made thus wretched, can you pass me by,
And yet not at my Ruines wet your eye?
If still thus unlamented be my Case,
The Wind it self shall hurl my Dust i'th' Face
Of him that doth not with a dropping eye
Sprinkle my Ashes when he passeth by.
Then let some deep-fought Sigh pump up a tear,
And help from dust my down-cast Head to rear:
All my Demolishments, and ruin'd Glory,
My batter'd Immurations fain before you,
My prostrate Structures on their faces lye,
Yet every heedless Passenger walks by
Regardless of my Moans, although I meet
In humble manner now their scornful feet.

Sa: Wilson

273 Acres Waste } within the City walls.
075 Acr. 3 Roods unburnt }
063 Acr. 3 Roods waste without the walls.
Houses burnt 130200.
89 Parishes and Churches burnt.
11 Parishes remaining.

Jonas Moor,
Ralph Gatrix, } Surveyors.

FINIS.